

Association.

Most certainly none
 From the *Planets* last shone,
 Cou'd promise such Days wou'd advance,
 That the Worst of the Nation
 Shou'd joyn Reformation,
 Who *Sold* us so lately to *France*.

With *ONE HEART* and *VOICE*,
 Cry'd they *we Rejoyce*,
 Tho' *Two* as distinctly before,
 As Black is from White
 Or Day from the Night,
 Or *True Heir* from the *Son of a Wh—*

Quoth *Hermodactyl*,
 None knew by my Style,
 Whether I was a *Whig* or a *Tory*,
 So I've Room to declare
 With the Rest for the *Heir*,
 And there is an end of the Story.

Codicil look'd askew,
 For already He knew,
 He had *set down his Name* but too often,
 That it look'd as uncouth
 As in being the *Mouth*,
 What He heartily hated to soften;

Howe'er there's my Name :
 And I must the same,
 Quoth *Gambol* ; tho lately a Bully,
 I fear I must stand
 With Papers in Hand
 At the Door like a poor sneaking Cully.

Will Wildfire cry'd, Zounds !
 This our Project confounds,
 Yet I must subscribe in my Turn,
 And smile with the Rest,
 'Thout feeling the Jest,
 While inward I heartily mourn.

Atty Brogue with more ease
 (Being what the Times please)
 Subscrib'd, for the *Circle* before
 He fully had run,
 And when that is done,
 Will run round a Thousand such more.

The rest of that Tribe,
 Turn'd each one a Scribe,
 And slap'd down their Names or their *Mark*,
 And then clos'd their Eyes,
 Like a Man when he dies,
 And is going some where in the Dark.

But what is the Devil,
 They're grown now thus *civil*,
 Their *Principles* timely to alter,
 Not from Virtue or Sense,
 They are Shams and Pretense,
 But only the fear of a *Halter*.

